

it. It was getting darker now, he could only see their silhouettes. They got knocked down by another large wave.

They ran up the beach laughing and gasping, the one who had lost her bathing suit leading the way. Their towels were only about 15 feet from him. The one who hadn't lost her suit didn't bother to put hers on. They bent over to pick up the towels. They both started drying their hair. The prettier one saw him.

"OH MY GOD, KIM, LOOK, AN OLD MAN."

"OH MY GOD."

They picked up their towels and pressed them to their chests, then picked up their sandals. He thought they were very beautiful. They ran toward the steps still covering themselves inefficiently with the towels.

"God, I don't believe it," Kim said. The prettier one giggled.

"How was the water?" he asked as they passed him.

"Great, great," they laughed, "you should try it."

They were ten steps up from him now and starting to wrap the towels around themselves. The prettier one dropped hers and had to bend over to pick it up. He had turned to watch.

"No, I didn't bring my bathing suit," he said.

They laughed and kept running, getting the towels arranged before they got to the top of the stairs.

He reached down and pulled at the crotch of his pants, giving it more room so it could straighten out.

He felt sad. He wondered if the shower was over.

Probably not.

He considered a coffee shop, or perhaps a bar.

FOOTBALL

She's not in the book any more.
She might be selling drugs out of a small house in Hayward and he wouldn't know.

But she felt the inside of his leg that night 25 years ago after the football game and he might of gotten more but her sister came home. She might be working in a Nevada trailer ranch making more money than he ever would and he wouldn't know. The babies she's had, the cocks she's sucked. He doesn't know. He pours a scotch and turns on the T.V., the Raiders are playing the Rams. He feels her fingers walk up his leg.

TALKING CLANDESTINE BLUES

Rain bounces on the asphalt and the metal roof and windshield. She says my daughter's home, we can't go there. He says, I'm a little short on cash, we can't get a room. They sit quietly, looking straight ahead, listening to the rain. She says, I know of an empty parking lot. He says, this is a Chevette, not a van. She bites her lower lip. He rubs his hands on his pants. The rain drums on the roof. She says, let's get a hamburger and talk. He says, O.K. They walk across the parking lot to the burger place, his arm around her neck, her arm around his waist, large raindrops exploding on the blacktop all around them.

WORRIED BLUES

Phil's wearing his green top hat and black suspenders, drunk as he can be, and that usually means trouble. Some black guy's in the corner with a guitar, wailing unintelligibly, lost his big mamma or something. Judy's throwing dice in the hall with a couple of Arab types who're wearing a lot of gold jewelry and pinching her ass whenever the opportunity presents itself. The hired belly dancer takes off her bra and twirls